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sweep through it, and how it would draw to itself the most invisible particles by the mere power of attraction! The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies! but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find in every hour some heavenly blessings; only the iron in God's sand is gold.—*O. W. Holmes.*

**AT THE DOOR.**

The mistakes of my life are many,  
The sins of my heart are more,  
And I scarce can see for my praying—  
But I knock on the open door.

I am lowest of those who love Him,  
I am weakest of those who pray—  
But I come as he has bidden,  
And he will not say me nay.

My mistakes His love shall cover,  
My sins he will wash away,  
And the feet that shall tread the outer  
Shall walk through the gate of day.

If I turn not from His whisper,  
If I let not go his hand,  
I shall see him in his beauty—  
The King in the far-off land!

The mistakes of my life are many,  
And my soul is sick with sin,  
And I scarce can see for weeping—  
But the Lord will let me in.

*Consecrationist.*

As I wandered one day along the shores of the grand old ocean, gazing upon its sparkling surface, listening to the silvery tones of its many-voiced waters, and tossing now and then upon its placid bosom a chip or a bark which had long since been thrown up by the raging billows, I chanced to notice a long line of pebbles which after centuries of heavings the mighty ocean had thrown up as a barrier on which to expend its wrath. I examined these pebbles I found were of many colors, but the greater number of some of them were black in color, some a deep brown, while the larger part were different shades of gray, but here and there I found one of transparent whiteness. Such is the human family; a few are dyed in the blackness of vice, others are stained deeply with the enormities of vice, while in the vast majority of the race there is a mingling of virtue and iniquity; but here and there to be found one who is wholly pure and of perfect whiteness. Reader, your moral character may be transparent in lordliness. Will you have it thus? C. A. P.

In the approaching political canvass in Massachusetts, the friends of Temperance should be very watchful of their enemy. He is concealing his movements with great guile. His object is to break down or to modify our prohibitory liquor law, and introduce the license principle. In seeking to accomplish this, he will avail himself of the influence of respectable men, of practicing temperance habits, and of the Legislature to which he cannot do otherwise, but men who are weak in the faith in respect to the principle of prohibition. There will be an attempt made to elect such men to the next Legislature, and, through them, to repeal our present Liquor Law, and substitute for it the License system.

We have no fears as to the result, if the people understand the enemy's plans, for the prohibitory principle has been too long and too deeply engrafted. Let us not be deceived by his stealthy movements and specious guises. It will be well to understand his plans and watch his operations.

*A word to the wise is sufficient.* WATCHMAN

Against God's wrath no house is strong.  
To a grateful man give more than he asked.  
To the hungry man give more bread is bad.  
Nothing is more against death.  
To refuse and to delay giving is all the same.  
A good man finds his native soil in every country.

The tongue touches the tooth that aches.  
To mad words lend deaf ears.  
He preaches well who lives well.  
A good heart conquers ill fortune.  
Correct one who is in fault, and he will improve.  
Immediately hate you.  
Buy what you do not want, and you will have what you cannot spare.  
When you are an avenger, endure like an avenger.  
When you are a hammer, strike like a hammer.  
Wounds from the knife are healed, but not the wound from the tongue.  
If a joker be joked let him smile, not frown.  
If you wish to be well served, serve yourself.

If one should give me a dish of sand, and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them: but let me take a magnet and

MAINE.		
Year.	Methodists.	Population.
1850,	21,254	583,169
1860,	24,566	628,729
1865,	22,797	
1866,	22,962	

*Two other Leading Denominations.*

Year.	Congregationalists.	Baptists.
1850,	16,850	19,850
1860,	19,221	21,410
1865,	19,098	19,610

*Progress from 1850 to 1865.*

	1850.	1865.
Congregationalists gain		44 per cent.
Baptists	"	7 "
Methodists	"	15 "
Population	"	7 "

*From 1860 to 1865.*

	1860.	1865.
Congregationalists decrease		223
Baptists	"	1,800
Methodists	"	1,769

*From 1850 to 1865,*

	1850.	1865.
Congregationalists gain		13 per cent.
Baptists decrease		240
Methodists gain		7 per cent.

In 1850, there was one Methodist for 27 inhabitants, in 1860 there were one and a half inhabitants.

Year.	Congregationalists.	Baptists.
1850,	18,013	8,092
1860,	*17,778	8,268
1865,	17,136	7,969

\* For 1861.

*From 1850 to 1860,*

Congregationalists decrease	235	
Baptists gain	11	2 per cent.
Methodists gain	11	"
Population gain	.03	"

*From 1860 to 1865,*

Congregationalists decrease	642	
Baptists	"	294
Methodists	"	1244

*From 1850 to 1865,*

Congregationalists decrease	877	
Baptists	"	125
Methodists gain	"	2 per cent.

In 1850, there was one Methodist for 22 inhabitants; in 1860, there was one Methodist for 22 inhabitants.

	Methodists.	Population.
1850,	22,830	994,514
1860,	30,157	1,231,066
1865,	31,135	1,267,329
1866,	32,542	

  

<i>Two other Denominations.</i>		
Year.	Congregationalists.	Baptists.
1850,	64,890	31,744
1860,	75,571	386,250
1865,	76,118	353,660

  

*Progress from 1850 to 1860.*

Congregationalists gain	17 per cent.
Baptists " "	15 " "
Methodists " "	33 " "
Population,	19 " "

  

*From 1860 to 1865.*

Congregationalists decrease	1,153
Baptists	490
Methodists gain	2,622 per cent.
Population "	2,94 " "

  

*From 1850 to 1866.*

Congregationalists gain	16 per cent.
Baptists " "	14 " "
Methodists " "	76 " "
Population,	25 " "

1865,	102,277	
1866,	103,472	
<i>Two other Denominations.</i>		
Year.	Congregationalists.	Baptists.
1860,	156,118	90,911
1861,	184,554	106,774
1865,	179,840	97,243
<i>Gain from 1850 to 1860.</i>		
Congregationalists,	19	16 per cent.
Baptists,	11	"
Methodists,	23	"
Population,	14	"
<i>From 1860 to 1865.</i>		
Congregationalists decrease		4,715
Baptists	--	3,331
Methodists	--	1,684
<i>Gain from 1850 to 1865.</i>		
Congregationalists,		15 per cent.
Baptists,		7 "
Methodists,		2 "
In 1860 there was one Methodist for 32 inhabitants; in 1860, there was one Methodist for 31 inhabitants.		
REMARKS.		
1. In reviewing the foregoing tables, it will be noticed that Massachusetts and New Hampshire are the only States in which the Methodists in		

hearts of the fathers of New England Methodism who are still lingering in our midst, as they say that their labors have not been in vain. They ought also to convey profitable lessons to the active Methodists of the present generation, increasing our confidence in Methodism as a religious system, and stimulating us to maintain its spirit as the best means of perpetuating it. They ought also to impress us with a sense of our various responsibilities to provide increased religious education for our rapidly increasing numbers. Such prospects increase our responsibility to God for our indebtedness to the people, who look to us for intellectual and social culture, a religious nurture. Our minds ought to be occupied with such reflections. If these statistics shall contribute to such results, my object in presenting them to the public will be secured.

September 12. D. DORCHESTER

[NOTE. We cannot give the numerous plus marks in foregoing tables for want of the type.—PUBLISHER.]

MR. EDITOR:—I initiated in my last a suggestion that our Centenary camp meeting might give some confusion in my reminiscences of our coal mine adventures in Pennsylvania. This is to certify the correctness of said suspicions. Which, in the case, I propose in this letter to tell you somewhat concerning the camp meeting, in the belief that the other matter—like my wife's can fruit—will "keep" to an indefinite period.

It premised then that camp meetings had rather run down in general estimation of late years. Owing to the fact that which I think was made in some former letter, when a camp meeting was announced for some district or a joint charges, people were apt to be suspicious of some "axe to grind" in the way of clearing out church debt, or building a grave yard fence, or the profits of a boarding tent or refreshment stand kept by some pious and enterprising member of the same—of the church I mean. But at the session of the Newark Conference it was resolved

man had been preached on the preceding evening by Rev. J. L. Hurlburt, whose name recent Methodistians will recognize, upon Gal. vi. 14. Rev. C. Larew, Presiding Elder, Morrisstown District had preached in the morning on Rom. xii. 1. The afternoon service was held in the usual manner and the voices of those of whom the Master said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," going up to praises to Jesus seemed to my heart foretelling of his presence. Addresses were made by Rev. C. Larew, and Rev. J. L. Hurlburt, and the account of each sermon. Will name the preacher and the text, however, from which your reader can judge of what kind of meat Christ's ministers on this occasion "Broke and gave unto the multitude." The first sermon was by Rev. J. L. Hurlburt, and more special remark if space permit.

Wednesday, A. M., Aug. 22. Rev. J. Atkinson of Morrisstown, N. J., was the guest of the church. The text I failed to note, but the theme was largely concerning Heaven, and was treated as well as a lofty subject could reasonably be expected to be. The afternoon was devoted to a "Centennial" service, and the following names were present: E. Hendley, Esq., Rev. L. R. Dunn, Cor. Wals-

Now for a few "points." 1st. The order the meeting was most admirable. Although several occasions a multitude variously estimated from eight to fifteen thousand people were present, I did not hear of a single arrest. And yet the arrangements for maintaining order if necessary, were complete, being made by Hon. May Cobb; but a deep and solemn religious spirit which seemed to pervade all the assemblies, rendered the services of the police almost if not quite unnecessary.

2d. A camp meeting can be carried on Sunday without dishonoring the day. I slept on Morristown Saturday night, and going out to camp in the morning, though the roads were filled with carriages and foot passengers, all were quiet. Men spoke to their horses even subdued tones. It was marvelous, and I do believe it was: "The Lord's doings."

ing and socializing—if I met before a worse  
than I ever saw at a camp meeting before.  
But here, these seemed sometimes too  
sure, in the prayer meetings, so as to give a certain  
sense of being in each other's way; but in this  
main, every body seemed to think: "there is no  
*thing for me to do here*, I have about as much  
to do as I was to be done.

to this. As for the preaching, I have some criticisms  
to offer. The particular application of the  
to this particular camp meeting, it seems to me  
that *some way* could be devised whereby *every*  
as *presenting*. In military operations the "General  
commanding" does not allow his subalterns to  
five away *when they please* and *at their pleasure*  
*it will, that or the other part of the opening*  
just as each rank see fit, and with *musketry*,  
non or *your rockets*, according to their *assessing*  
tastes. Neither should it be so when the *Lord*  
hates. *Anybody* against those who in the *Lord*

Conference is gathering. In conclusion, the impression was adopted at a meeting of the preachers and "official brethren" to make this "Conference camp meeting" an annual thing. Instead of having comparatively small district meetings, the idea is that the preachers of the district will have one. This will make for us two Conference meetings per year, you see, one for business and appointment making and taking, the other for working for souls, and getting nearer to each other. The A. S. & A. M. will have a special meeting spot to select and purchase the land and make other arrangements, to report to a meeting to be called by the chairman.

So I think it is pretty nearly a fixed fact that the Newark Conference is to have an annual camp meeting. I think it is a very wise thing, and I expect what great and good results may be most naturally expected to flow from such an "institution."

Preachers and people from widely separated parts of the Conference will be brought together in such a manner and in such a work as will result in a closer union. It does not do so in a large, simply because the "opening" is

Earth's throbbing thousands near,  
Faith banished all their fears;  
Swiftly the word has run  
Through all these hundred years;  
Hosanna to the Lord Most High,  
Let earth exclaim and heaven reply.  
So in the years to come,  
God shall be still our Friend;  
Till on His glorious throne,  
Our Jesus shall descend;  
Hosanna to the Lord Most High,  
Let earth exclaim and heaven reply.

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### OUR DELEGATES IN THE CANADIAN GENERAL CONFERENCE.

In the issue of Sept. 19th, we published Bishops' and Fraternal Addresses. We now present to our readers the speeches of the delegates from the Methodist Episcopal General Conference appointed to visit the General Conference of M. E. Church in Canada, also the resolutions

It gives me great pleasure to bear to you the fraternal, the universal greeting of the E. Church in the United States. I have informed, perhaps incorrectly, that, by the representatives of our General Conference to the Ecumenical Assembly in Geneva, the question of the M. E. has been somewhat called in question. But I do not think that the M. E. of America would be so easily called in question. Conference could or would commit so great an error as to appoint and send delegates to Geneva to be called in question.

We believe that no one can be directed to legitimate church relations and position by action or actions of others. No one can be directed to act in one way or how many may act in part in them. No views, no choice, nor act aside from his own choice or action, or violation of his own conscience, can be directed to legitimate church relations. No one can possibly deprive any individual or individuals from legitimate church relations and church rights. We, therefore, recognize as legitimate, as you have said, that we are not to be separated from us, nor departed from our church relations you originally sustained to parent body; and we do this without in the

[illegible]

*Christian Advocate*—I am glad to see that the church were at that subject. *You were for us* and I will take this opportunity to thank you for it, publicly, and in behalf of my brethren. I am glad and anxious that you should shed the time and labor, which may God forbid, when similar trials may befall your church and country, of sympathy and good-will toward you shall not want.

I speak in behalf of the church, and I speak for the church in Canada. I do not say that all the people in the States are in sympathy with us, but I think you did find sympathy with us during our war. We know and remember them. We know too who were our friends in the days of darkness. On that list of friends, we have the names of those who were honorable body, all of your good Christian Queen, and in our heart hearts we cherish the memory of his highest Prince Albert, who on his dying bed suggested that the motto of the Order of the Garter should be modified and expressed in more kindly terms.

Again I thank you, and may the Lord bless you and make you a \*thousand times so many more.

Bro. Austin having resumed his seat, Bishop

referring to the cordial and fraternal reception they received from the fathers and brethren in the United States, when visiting their General Conference at Buffalo and Philadelphia. The following resolution was then unanimously adopted by the vote:

*Resolved, That the continued courtesies of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, expressed in the presence of the fathers and brethren of the home delegates, the Rev. G. Webster, D.D., and the Rev. M. Dustin, M.A., by whose fraternal greetings we are cheered and invigorated, and the loving and strenuous bonds of mutual Christian affection and cement us more closely to the parent church in true Methodist unity, are most cordially received and appreciated, and that the same spirit of unity will be maintained in filial and brotherly efforts for the consolidation and diffusion of our common growing Methodistism.*

**THE MAGNET.**

If one should give me a dish of sand, and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my naked fingers, and find them. But if I did give you a dish of iron, and tell

As her silent praise went up to the all-father,  
 And her heart was full of the love that he gave,  
 Hears her head on Jesus' breast," Happy pilgrim  
 Almost home! May we meet thee there, in the  
 palace of our God. GAETA GAYLORD.

AT THE DOOR.

The mistakes of my life are many,  
 The sins of my heart are more;  
 And I scarce can see for weeping,  
 That I knock on thy door.

I am lowest of those who love thee,  
 I am weakest of those who pray,—  
 But I come as he came before,  
 And he will not say me nay.

My mistakes His love shall cover,  
 My sins he will wash away,  
 And the feet that shall enter  
 Shall walk through the gate of day.

If I turn not from His whisper,  
 If I do not go his way,  
 I shall see him in his beauty,  
 The King in the far-off land!

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 And I scarce can see for weeping,  
 That the Lord will let me in.

*Congregationalist.*

such men to the next Legislature, and, through them, to repeal our present Law, and substitute the License system.

We have no fears as to the result, if the people understand the enemy's plans, for the prohibition principle has possession of the hearts of our citizens. Let us not be deceived by its stealthy movements and specious guises. It is well to understand his plans and watch his operation.

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If a joker be joked let him smile, not frown.  
If you wish to be well served, serve yourself.











## Poetry.

For Zion's Herald.

## IN MEMORIAM.

IN MEMORY OF LILLIAN CHRISTINE KNIGHT.

While the earth was wrapped in shadows,  
Resting 'neath the pall of night;  
While the heavens their tears were shedding,  
Ere the morning came with light;  
While dear friends around were weeping,  
And earth's tenderest ties were riven,  
Mourning sweet the name of "Lillian,"  
Lilla passed from earth to heaven.

Upward through unmeasured regions  
Holy angels lead the way,  
Passing through the glorious portals,  
Entering heaven's eternal day.  
Yes, I see the angels meet her,  
Take the hand and welcome home;  
But through the white-robed band she passes  
Nearer, nearer to the throne.

Nearer she meets her loving Saviour,  
Near to him she finds her rest,  
And the few whom God has called  
To sit and sing at Jesus' feet.

Radiant with immortal glory,  
Rests the crown on Lilla's brow;  
Sweet the harp her hand is sweeping,  
Tuned to heavenly strains now.

Griefs and sorrows all are ended,  
Sweet the song she sings above;  
Joyous guards the dancing Lilla,  
Rests she now where all is love.

In this vale of tears I'm waiting,  
Lingering 'neath the clouds of woe;  
Waiting, watching, hoping, praying  
For the hour that bids me go.

'Tis the shadow I am waiting,  
Which our pathing here has given;  
Not the sands of life are filling,  
Soon I'll come to thee in heaven.

Yet a few more years of anguish,  
Daring, then will Mother come;  
Then, O then there'll be no parting  
In our bright, eternal home.

L. T. C.

## UNDER THE LEAVES.

Thick green leaves from the soft brown earth,  
Fluffy spring-time hath called them forth;  
First faint promise of summer bloom  
Breathes from the fragrant perfume,  
Under the leaves.

Lift them! what marvelous beauty lies  
Hidden beneath from our thoughtless eyes!  
May flowers, now or then, be seen,  
Lift their cups to the sudden light,  
Under the leaves.

Are there no lives whose life is hid—  
Seen by no eye save His who rules the world?  
Motive and action—no silence grow  
Into rote and habit, and bad and blow  
Under the leaves.

Fair white flowers of faith and trust,  
Springing from spirits buried and crushed;  
Blossoms of love, rose-tinted and bright,  
Touched and painted with heaven's own light,  
Under the leaves.

Full fresh clusters of duty, borne,  
Full of faith in that shadowy grove;  
Wondrous the fragrance that sweet and rare  
Comes from the flower-cups hidden there,  
Under the leaves.

Thou unseen by our vision dim,  
But and blossom in the heart of the soul,  
Wait we content for his loving ray—  
Wait till our Master himself come,  
Lift the leaves.

—Church Monthly.

## Correspondence.

For Zion's Herald.

## A LETTER FROM GEORGIA.

You have been bustling from beneath an overhanging cliff in some mountain gorge, a little fountain of pure, crystal water, you follow the liquid stream which flows from it, over jutting rocks and amid tangled brushwood, until other rills from other sources fall into it to swell its volume and enlarge its channel. You pursue the course of the confluent waters, charmed with their "liquid lapse," and musing amid the wilds of nature, until the stream is nearly hid from your view by the foliage of the thick and matted undergrowth; but presently you are again in sight. As you still descend the now widening vale, you find innumerable little gorges opening into it, and pouring a succession of streamlets into your little rill. If you follow this ever growing rivulet, you discover in the constant accession of waters, that it at length grows into a river.

"Deep, majestic, smooth and strong."

To such a stream I would like our missionary work in the South, particularly here in Georgia. We began in the early part of February by preaching in an "old field," to about fifty persons standing in the rain. Small as the beginning was, it was the beginning of a new era. We went to encourage us to renew the effort. At our next meeting the congregation was more than doubled, and a society of more than fifty members was organized. The stream was growing; but now there came a trial of our faith. We were driven from the first field to another, where we hoped to be unmolested. But soon we were denied the right of way to this one, and for some weeks our little stream was hid. Reproach, reproach, reviling were heaped on us, and many hearts were turned away. We went to another field, but rainy Sundays for weeks in succession prevented us from holding any meeting. No money to buy or build a house—landlords and lying tongues were busy; taunts, ridicule, threats of mob violence constantly greeted our ears. Some were made ashamed, and others, deterred by threats, withdrew from the meetings. At length we built an arbor, a rude brush-covered shed, and the spirit of the people was revived. The congregation became large; the work was renewed. On one occasion a small vessel attempted to sail up the river, and when opposite our island, the current caught her, and was fast carrying her down into the "Little Hell Gate," where she would have been inevitably wrecked, but our boat captain and his crew of boys went to their rescue, and catching a rope from the vessel they fastened it to the shore and pulled her up. The vessel was saved, but the boat captain and his crew of boys went to their rescue, and catching a rope from the vessel they fastened it to the shore and pulled her up. The vessel was saved, but the boat captain and his crew of boys went to their rescue, and catching a rope from the vessel they fastened it to the shore and pulled her up.

The writer has often noticed this, that when the wind is fair but not very strong, and the tide ahead, although a vessel has all sail set, she cannot make headway, but drifts down with the tide. It is not uncommon to see several vessels anchored in the stream opposite our windows, waiting for the tide to turn.

It is really quite a painful sight to see a vessel driven wider and deeper. Four hundred, five hundred, twelve hundred, two thousand, five thousand—these were the numbers we had on successive Sabbaths. The last number mentioned was what was estimated to be in attendance at a camp meeting we held in the corporate limits of La Grange, embracing the second Sunday in August. Never was there such a meeting among the colored people of Georgia before.

Imagine a number of colored people, accustomed to whips and bludgeons, used to kicks and blows, familiar with cursing and abuse, who would once escape and meet the stern, rough words of the "master" or "overseer," assembled for religious exercises at a rude shelter in an open field, with a party of "laid fellows of the baser sort," led on by a representative of the "better class of people," stood at a distance of ninety yards, and deliberately fired from forty to fifty shots at them, the bullets flying near enough to be heard! Would you suppose that they would have run, or cringed or trembled? They did nothing of the sort, but sat quietly, and with sublime trust in God, performed the duties of that memorable hour of peril. It was a scene that deserves to be painted and transmitted to the ages to come. There are moral heroes here who have been made such by the grace of God.

At other places in Georgia and Alabama there has been a similar progress from a day of small and feeble things. At Newnan, Griffin, Oxford, and elsewhere, there have been glorious successes under the labors of our willing and persecuted, but faithful missionaries. Bros. Taylor and Trimble have organized a number of societies among the whites in Alabama; so also have Murphy, Waters, Bowen, and others in Georgia. Old Methodism is established again in Georgia and Alabama. All we now require in order to gather in the great mass of the freedmen into the pale of

her communion, is money to aid them in building churches and school-houses, preachers to preach the old *free gospel* of Methodism to them, and teachers to instruct their children. These people, educated, elevated, Christianized, will become an element of great power in the New South. Let Methodism take a firm hold of that power, to mould, guide and wield it.

We have here the largest Sabbath School, I suppose, in the State, numbering eight hundred scholars. Mr. Caldwell is the superintendent. Every Sunday morning, from 8 to 12 o'clock, is taken up by the exercises of the school. Some of the children can read remarkably well. One of them is a prodigy—a little quadroon only ten years old. He can read with astonishing accuracy and force. I have known some colleagues of the Caucasian race who could not read one letter better. There are several other promising lads; one of them has joined the church. These youths, if properly trained and truly converted, may be made a blessing to their race.

I trust the church properly appreciates the magnitude and importance of this work. The South is open in every direction. What a harvest field! How much it needs laborers! The colored people will flock into the old Methodist Church wherever it is established. There is, we trust, a good time coming for this country. But the church must not well her part in order to bring it nigh. It is of course right, and our bounden duty to keep up the foreign missions, but the ground most fertile for the M. E. Church on earth is here in these Southern States. *Come over and help us*, is the cry which four million helpless, ignorant, long abused people now lift up in the hearing of their Christian countrymen. We need more Lewis and Westers from New England, more Newmans from the Middle States of the North, more Chaffins and others from the West. We need good Methodist emigrants from every part of the North. If the great political problem shall be solved in a way that will make us one people, and give us such laws and such an administration of laws as will enforce impartial justice, we shall see great and salutary changes; otherwise the clouds of divine displeasure will still hang over us. What the end will be, Infinite Wisdom alone can tell; but if a step is not taken to the contrary, our political power, no fear, will be the practice of our country. There must be a politically regenerated South before there will ever be justice for the colored people, or safety for those who instruct and befriended them. It is not at all strange, all things considered, that matters have grown worse, instead of better, since the middle of August. Facts will be made known by and by—"murder will out." J. H. CALDWELL.

La Grange, Ga., Aug. 31.

## Children.

## THE WASP AND THE BEE.

A wasp once was buzzing by me,  
And he said, "Little cousin, can you tell me why  
You are loved so much better by people than I?  
"My back looks as bright and as yellow as gold;  
And my shape is most elegant, long, to behold;  
Yet nobody likes me for that, I am told."

"Ah! friend," said the bee, "it is all very true;  
But if I had half as much mischief to do,  
The people would love me no better than you.  
"You can be a fast shape and a delicate wing;  
You can perfectly handsome; but there's yet one thing  
That can't be put up with, and that is your sting."

"My coat is quite homely and plain, as you see;  
Yet nobody likes me for that, I am told."  
Because I am a useful and innocent bee."

From this little story let people beware,  
Because, like the wasp, if ill-natured they are,  
They will never be loved, though they so fair.

For Zion's Herald.

## THE TIDE TOO STRONG.

The tide in Harlem River, upon the banks of which the Jewish lives, is very strong. At the mouth of Randall's Island, separating it from Ward's Island, is a narrow passage of water called "Little Hell Gate." It is full of sharp rocks, and when the tide is running out it pours down this channel with the swiftness and noise of a cataract, the rocks forming whirlpools, and rendering the navigation perilous in the extreme. Upon the south side of Ward's Island is the well-known and dangerous "Hurl Gate." It is of the same character, but the former passage, only it is much larger, extends further, and has many more dangerous rocks in it.

The waters in Harlem River, in certain stages of the tide, are powerfully drawn down these fearful channels, and its navigation is thus rendered somewhat dangerous. On this account most vessels having occasion to pass up or down the River employ steam tugs, which are puffing about in the harbor at all hours, and can rush against the current, and their power is only to tow them to the docks, and then they are left to their fate.

On one occasion, a small vessel attempted to sail up the river, and when opposite our island, the current caught her, and was fast carrying her down into the "Little Hell Gate," where she would have been inevitably wrecked, but our boat captain and his crew of boys went to their rescue, and catching a rope from the vessel they fastened it to the shore and pulled her up. The vessel was saved, but the boat captain and his crew of boys went to their rescue, and catching a rope from the vessel they fastened it to the shore and pulled her up.

The writer has often noticed this, that when the wind is fair but not very strong, and the tide ahead, although a vessel has all sail set, she cannot make headway, but drifts down with the tide. It is not uncommon to see several vessels anchored in the stream opposite our windows, waiting for the tide to turn.

It is really quite a painful sight to see a vessel driven wider and deeper. Four hundred, five hundred, twelve hundred, two thousand, five thousand—these were the numbers we had on successive Sabbaths. The last number mentioned was what was estimated to be in attendance at a camp meeting we held in the corporate limits of La Grange, embracing the second Sunday in August. Never was there such a meeting among the colored people of Georgia before.

Imagine a number of colored people, accustomed to whips and bludgeons, used to kicks and blows, familiar with cursing and abuse, who would once escape and meet the stern, rough words of the "master" or "overseer," assembled for religious exercises at a rude shelter in an open field, with a party of "laid fellows of the baser sort," led on by a representative of the "better class of people," stood at a distance of ninety yards, and deliberately fired from forty to fifty shots at them, the bullets flying near enough to be heard! Would you suppose that they would have run, or cringed or trembled? They did nothing of the sort, but sat quietly, and with sublime trust in God, performed the duties of that memorable hour of peril. It was a scene that deserves to be painted and transmitted to the ages to come. There are moral heroes here who have been made such by the grace of God.

At other places in Georgia and Alabama there has been a similar progress from a day of small and feeble things. At Newnan, Griffin, Oxford, and elsewhere, there have been glorious successes under the labors of our willing and persecuted, but faithful missionaries. Bros. Taylor and Trimble have organized a number of societies among the whites in Alabama; so also have Murphy, Waters, Bowen, and others in Georgia. Old Methodism is established again in Georgia and Alabama. All we now require in order to gather in the great mass of the freedmen into the pale of

young Christian mariners begin to drift; with all sail set and with a fair wind, in the church and in the enjoyment of its instructions, they glide imperceptibly back towards the world. The tide is too strong for them. They may still point towards heaven, but their pennon floats towards the world, and they are already amid the whirling currents, exposed to the most serious perils. They certainly do not advance, but every day seem to drift.

Now there is only one foundation of hope for a deliverance from this peril. The Holy Spirit only can draw one from these dangerous waters, and bear us along against the tide. "Lord, save or I perish!" sincerely offered as our prayer will bring this Divine Presence to our aid.

Let all my young readers try to notice which way the tide moves around them; whether they are drifting down towards temptation, or moving on in a heavenly direction. If the tide is too strong, running the wrong way, drop anchor at once, and pray until you know the Master is with you, saying, "It is I, be not afraid."

B. K. P.

For Zion's Herald.

## BE MERCIFUL.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."  
"Georgie! Georgie! don't carry those hens so; it's very cruel."

It was my mother that spoke, and the boy was one of our neighbor's little boys who was carrying some hens by our door to sell. He was carrying them by their legs, with their heads hanging down, so that every few minutes they would drag on the ground. After my mother spoke to him he took them up and carried them nicely resting on his other arm.

Now Georgie probably did not think he was behaving unmercifully. I thought after I saw him that I would write to the dear children who read the *Herald*, about being merciful. Perhaps when you read the little verse over this place, you remember how you have heard him to be so kind to the little creatures he has made. You did not tell him to be so kind to the little creatures he has made. You did not tell him to be so kind to the little creatures he has made.

Little boys and girls do not think how very unmerciful they are when they throw stones at birds, and kick the dog, and pull poor pussy about. But the same kind heavenly Father that made us made them also, and you know our Saviour says that not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice, and he wants us to be kind to all the little creatures he has made. You did not think much of this before, did you?

Don't even step on the little ants-hills, if you can avoid it. Just think what a great number of little creatures you would kill, after they had so patiently waited to build their little houses. There is no need of killing spiders and bugs when they are out of doors, nor the harmless snakes; there are many little ones that are perfectly innocent, and I think they are pretty to look at. Why should we kill them? There is a plenty of room in the world for us and them too.

Instead of being afraid of and killing the little creatures that are around us, if we will but watch them we can learn a great deal of their lives and habits, and many a useful lesson of patience and industry.

If by accident you injure an insect, or break an animal's leg, the kindest thing you can do is to sooth it. Never say a word about it, and try to make it as comfortable as possible. If you have written for you, and always be merciful; and I hope if you have not already, you will soon obtain that mercy that our dear Saviour speaks of, and then you will be always happy.

M. E. R.

## INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

Some years since a temperance man moved with his family from South Carolina to the West. The temperance cause was unpopular in the country, and travel past the place frequently to entertain travelers who would not go farther. Owing to the temperance cause, the man resolved to enlarge his house, and put up the usual sign.

Soon after this an election came on; the triumphant party felt that it was a wonderful victory, and they were all in the mood of rejoicing. The man who had enlarged his house, and put up the usual sign, was a member of the triumphant party, and he was in the mood of rejoicing.

Every variety of music was played, and the variety thus drunk produced a mixture which added to the noise and impetuosity of the party. The man who had enlarged his house, and put up the usual sign, was a member of the triumphant party, and he was in the mood of rejoicing.

It is stated that the salt mines of Nevada throw in the shade all others known in the United States. The mine is reported to contain 22,000 acres, yielding 2,000,000 lbs. annually of salt, ninety-five per cent. fine. No bottom to this salt bed has ever been discovered. As deep as any work has been done, the bed is solid rock salt, and from a depth of thirty-five feet the salt water comes so rapidly as to prevent work without efficient working arrangements. The salt water wells up to the surface and overflows the floor from which the fine white salt is continually gathered. This floor, several acres in area, has been so well leveled that it is used for the purpose of drying and exposure to the atmosphere, is rapidly evaporated, leaving a stratum of fine salt. This yield and production go on continually, and the more rapidly it is removed the better the quality of this salt.

Razors.—Why does a razor cut better for being dipped in water? The edges of all tools, iron, steel, brass, copper, and all other metals, when they are dipped in water, the fine white salt is continually gathered. This floor, several acres in area, has been so well leveled that it is used for the purpose of drying and exposure to the atmosphere, is rapidly evaporated, leaving a stratum of fine salt. This yield and production go on continually, and the more rapidly it is removed the better the quality of this salt.

THE HELMET OF ROMULUS.—An anecdote, at a sale of antiquities, put up a helmet, with the following remark: "This, ladies and gentlemen, is a helmet of Romulus, the Roman founder; but whether he was a brass or iron founder, I cannot tell."

JOHNATHAN BARTLETT died in Stoneham, Me., Sept. 10, aged 60 years, 1 month and 10 days. Bro. Bartlett was a native of New York, and was a member of the M. E. Church for many years. He was a man of great piety, and was a member of the M. E. Church for many years. He was a man of great piety, and was a member of the M. E. Church for many years.

ENIGMAS.

No. 38.

I am composed of 37 letters.

My 24, 1, 6 is an animal.  
My 29, 25, 14 is a tree.  
My 4, 34, 32 is a city in New York.  
My 23, 11, 30 is a bird.  
My 28, 36, 38 is an insect.  
My 22, 17, 12, 3, 15, 26 is a boy's name.  
My 10, 13 is a verb.  
My 31, 20, 35, 24 is a girl's name.  
My 21, 7, 16 is a conjunction.  
My 9, 27, 29, 18 is zeal.  
My 17, 30, 33, 37 is to make void.  
My whole is one who labors earnestly for the good of his fellow-men.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA NO. 37.

"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."—Matt. vii. 7.

## Miscellany.

## THE NIAGARA OF THE WEST—THE GREAT SHOSHONE FALLS.

In the wilds of Idaho, midway between Salt Lake and Oregon, thunders a cataract as imposing as Niagara, and that will one day divide it with the admiration of the world, when the secluded region where its savage grandeur is concealed shall be thrown open to the curiosity of the traveler. It is called the Great Shoshone Falls, and is a few miles from the overland stage route between Salt Lake and Boise cities, and about 200 miles from the coast of the Pacific Ocean. It was discovered in 1863 by parties of the late Oregon Cavalry while in pursuit of Indians. The Salt Lake *Fall* furnishes the annexed description of this remarkable waterfall:

The river, about two hundred yards in width, coming slowly from the southeast, overtopped by a high, dark, rocky crest, over eight hundred feet wide, suddenly expands into a basin of twice its width, and there is divided into a half dozen streams, by dark looking rocks which are scattered all over the bed of the river. The water of the maddened waters. Every stream rushes over a fall of thirty feet, and every fall is of a different height, and every fall is of a different width. The water of the maddened waters. Every stream rushes over a fall of thirty feet, and every fall is of a different height, and every fall is of a different width.

When the cataract is in full flood, the water is a mass of foam, and the air is filled with the roar of the falling water. The water of the maddened waters. Every stream rushes over a fall of thirty feet, and every fall is of a different height, and every fall is of a different width.

Forming a slight horse-shoe, its central waters appear like a great spray that rises heavenward from the foot of the foaming cataract. The sides are frayed into foam, and remind one of the pictured avalanches in the Alps. Right on the edge of the cataract, and all the way down, are the pictures of the sublime and solitude surrounding the cataract's sound, but slightly less than the roar of the falling water. The water of the maddened waters. Every stream rushes over a fall of thirty feet, and every fall is of a different height, and every fall is of a different width.

walls are supported by basaltic columns, the regularity of whose formation is unsurpassed by anything in the Isle of Staffa or the Giant's Causeway. Sliding out of this cave, and falling about eight feet to a grassy slope that leads to the water's edge, within two hundred feet of the foot of the falls, you are right in the middle of the falls, and are looking up at the enormous altitude of the fall can be realized, and the first feeling is one of self-preservation. An involuntary drawing back, and a momentary pause, and you are looking up at the enormous altitude of the fall can be realized, and the first feeling is one of self-preservation.

The white foaming waters form a brilliant background to the rugged peaks of the surrounding mountains. The water of the maddened waters. Every stream rushes over a fall of thirty feet, and every fall is of a different height, and every fall is of a different width.

## GREAT SHOWER OF METEORS EXPLORED.

Next in grandeur and sublimity to a total solar eclipse, or a great comet stretched across the starry heavens, is the great meteoric shower, such as witnessed last night, November 13th, 1866. On this occasion, from two o'clock till broad daylight, the sky being perfectly serene and cloudless, the whole heavens were lighted with a magnificent and imposing display of celestial fireworks. Arago computes that not less than two hundred and forty thousand meteors were visible above the horizon of the North Atlantic, on the morning of November 13th, 1866. The display was seen all over North America. A similar display was seen all over North America. A similar display was seen all over North America.

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## Advertisements.

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ONE PRICE ONLY, and no hawking Prices. I feel confident in saying that I can and ever shall make it my aim to sell. READY MADE CLOTHING AND GENTS FURNISHING. So that it will be for the interest of all readers of the *Herald* to buy where everything is marked in plain figures, and the most reasonable prices. O. H. PERRY, 20 Main Street, Boston, Mass. Sept 12.

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HARTFORD, VT., JUNE 18th, 1866. Dr. Seth Arnold, Worcester, R. I. Dear Sir:—I have been using your Cough Syrup for about twenty years, and never saw one that gave so much satisfaction as Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Syrup. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, J. T. VAN ALSTINE, M.D.

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